

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

The following is a Note in a late Charge by the Rev. Dr. Cutler to the Rev. Mr. Story, at his ordination as Minister at Marietta.

VESTIGES of ancient works, of which the present natives retain no tradition, are found in various parts of the western territory. Of those that have yet been discovered, the works at Marietta are of the greatest magnitude. Their situation is on an elevated plain. They consist of walls and mounds of earth, in direct lines, and in square and circular forms. The largest square contains 40 acres. On each side are three openings, at equal distances, resembling twelve gate ways. The smallest square contains 20 acres, with a gate way in the centre of each side. At the angles of the squares are openings similar to those at the sides. The walls, which were made of earth, were not thrown up from ditches, but raised by bringing the earth from some distant place or bringing it uniformly from the surface of the plain. They were probably made of equal height and breadth, but the waste of time had rendered them lower and broader in some parts than in others. By an accurate measurement they were found to be from 4 to 8 feet in height, and from 25 to 36 feet, at the base, in breadth. Two parallel walls, running from an angle of the largest square towards the Muskingum river, which seemed to have been designed for a covered way, were 174 feet distant from each other, and measured on the inner side, in the most elevated part, 21 feet in height, and 42 feet broad at the base. Within and contiguous to the squares, are many elevated mounds, of a conic form, and of different magnitudes. The most remarkable of the mounds within the walls are three, of an oblong square form, in the great square. The largest of these is 188 feet in length, 100 feet in width, and 9 feet in height, level on the summit, and nearly perpendicular at the sides. At the centre of each of the sides the earth is projected, forming gradual ascents to the summit, extremely regular, and about 6 feet in width. Near the smallest square is a mound, raised in form of a sugar loaf, of a magnitude that strikes the beholder with astonishment. Its base is a regular circle, 115 feet in diameter, and is 30 feet in altitude. It is surrounded by a ditch, at the distance of 33 feet from its base, 85 feet wide and 4 feet deep, forming a bank 4 feet in height, leaving an opening or gate way, towards the square, about 20 feet wide. Besides these, there are other works, but the limits of this note will not admit of a description.

At the commencement of the settlement, the whole of these works were covered with a prodigious growth of trees. When I arrived, the

grounds was in part cleared, but many large trees remained on the walls and mounds. The only possible data for forming any probable conjecture respecting the antiquity of the works, I conceived, must be derived from the growth upon them. By the concentric circles, each of which contains, the annual growth, the age of the trees might be ascertained. For this purpose a number of the trees were felled; and, in the presence of Governor St. Clair and many other gentlemen, the number of circles were carefully counted. The trees of the greatest size were hollow. In the largest of those which were found there were from three to four hundred circles. One tree, somewhat decayed at the centre, was found to contain at least, 463 circles. Its age was undoubtedly more than 463 years.—Other trees in a growing state, were from their appearance much older. There were, likewise, the strongest marks of a previous growth, as large as the present. Decayed stumps could be traced to the surface of the ground, on different parts of the works which measured from 6 to 8 feet in diameter at the surface of the ground; and though the body of the tree was so mouldered as scarcely to be perceived above the surface of the earth, we were able to trace the most decayed wood, under the leaves and rubbish, nearly an hundred feet. A thrifty beach contained 126 circles appeared to have first vegetated within the space that had been occupied by an ancient predecessor of a different kind of wood.

“Admitting the age of the present growth to be 450 years, and that it had been preceded by one of equal size and age, which, as probably as otherwise, was not the first, the works have been deserted more than 900 years. If they were occupied one hundred years, they were erected more than a thousand years ago.

It is highly probable the exterior walls were erected for defence. An opening made at the summit of the great conic mound, there were found the bones of an adult in an horizontal position, covered with a flat stone. Beneath this skeleton were thin stones placed vertically at small and different distances, but no bones were discovered. That this venerable monument might not be defaced, the openings were closed, without further search. The cells formed by the thin stones might have contained, like the charnel houses in Mexico, the skulls of the sacrifices; or the mound may be a general depository of the dead, collected in the manner described by Lafitau and other travellers among the Indian tribes.

The large mounds in the great square, it can hardly be doubted, were appropriated to religious purposes. On them they erected their temples, placed their idols, and offered their sacrifices; for it is difficult to conceive of any other purpose for which they could have been

designed. Comparing their form and situation with the places of worship in Mexico and other parts of the country, when first discovered, we find a great similarity, and as there was in the places of worship among those different tribes. Their temples were generally erected and their idols placed on natural or artificial elevations, with gradual ascents. If the Mexican tribes, agreeably to their historic paintings and traditions, came from the northward, and some of them, in their migrations, went far to the eastward, it is not improbable, that either some of those tribes or others, similar to them in their customs and manners, and who practised the same religious rites, were the constructors of those works. The present natives bear a general resemblance in their complexion, form and size, to the ancient Mexicans. Though their rites and ceremonies differ, they profess the general principles of the Mexican religion; believing in the Great Spirit, good and evil genii, and a state of existence after death. They have no temples nor imagas; but some faint notions of religious oblations are to be found among them. When it is considered how long it must have been since these works were erected—how generally the practice of offering human sacrifices anciently prevailed among all the tribes from Louisiana to the western ocean—that men, women and children were sacrificed in their smaller as well as most populous towns—that in the dominions of Montezuma only, as historians say, twenty thousand were yearly sacrificed, and in some fifty thousand—will it not strengthen the probability that human sacrifices were among the religious rites of the ancient possessions of this ground?

THE CHIMERA;

A TALE OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens.

“A monster stupendous, deformed, and immense.”

THE gentle reader need not entertain the least doubt of the authenticity of the following wonderful story; for, upon perusal, he will find nothing contained therein but what daily experience proves to be but too true.

There was a certain village in the land of Gotham, the inhabitants of which were very ugly, very ignorant, and very proud; who looked upon the rest of their fellow creatures as beings of an inferior nature, each deeming himself something more and all the rest something less than Laman. This people among the rest of their other defects, had one peculiarity in the organs of vision, which prevented them from seeing any object distinctly when they looked downward upon it. Their village too was governed by laws peculiar to itself, and one, in particular, for which, no doubt, there were

very substantial reasons, though we never have been able to discover them, by which it was enacted, that no inhabitant of the said village should, on pain of perpetual banishment, either purchase, receive, or hold in their possession a looking-glass, mirror, or any piece of polished metal, or earthen ware whatever. This law was so religiously observed that the very word *looking-glass* was at length quite forgot and unknown.

Now it came to pass in the process of time that a certain great nobleman came to settle in the neighbourhood, and hearing of this law, he was determined to indulge a vein of pleasantry, at the expense of the silly inhabitants. For this purpose, he ordered a large room to be furnished with immense mirrors, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, so that the walls being entirely concealed, it had the appearance of four different rooms. A card was then circulated in the village, inviting a chosen number of the inhabitants, who were most conspicuous for their horrible deformity, and still more horrible affectation, to sup with his lordship at his own house the next evening, where they should be entertained with the sight of a monster, the most frightful and hideous that ever fable feigned, or fear conceived. At the time appointed the guests met with far more devotion and punctuality than ever they had attended a charity sermon; and after they had loaded their bellies with beef, and lightened their heads with punch, up started parson *Squintum*, whose own village was so grim as any monster need be: My Lord, said he, I think it will be most expedient for me to see this monster *first*, that I may discover whether it is not the devil, who has probably assumed a corporal vehicle to frighten the tender lambs of my flock, who should have the fear of God before their eyes, and not the fear of the devil.

His lordship rose and conducting the parson up one flight of stairs to the door, left him, and returned to the company. *Squintum*, who had read Agrippa on occult philosophy, first repeated certain mysterious words, which had more virtue in them than was to be found in all the parish besides, and then solemnly put forth his hand and opened the door; but was so terrified (for his reverence saw manifold) with the host of chimeras that glared before his eyes, though only so many reflections of his own horrid image in the glass, that without staying to shut the door, he came thundering down stairs, averring, by all the powers of light and darkness, that he had seen a legion of devils in ten thousand hideous shapes, and one in particular like a camel with the head of an elephant, and a proboscis, probably meaning his own, at least six yards long; protesting that he had plainly distinguished Appolyon, Belzebub, Belial, and Mammon, the demons of murder, pride, lust, and covetousness.

Z—ds, cried squire Gutling, a parson, and afraid of the Devil! He spake, and rising, showed a huge round belly, which very much resembled what it really was, an immense hog-head of *liquor*, and having gravely stroked it, reeled, half drunk, towards the foot of the staircase, which, after many a weary puff, heavy groan, and hearty curse, he had almost ascended, when the door being open, he was so suddenly scared by the sight of a most hideous monster indeed, which seemed to rise, as he rose, in the glass, before him, that without any more ado he took the shortest way down stairs, to the great peril of his enormous paunch, which before was

ready to burst with punch and pudding, and now came with such a vengeance on the floor, that he lay groaning and sobbing most lamentably, whilst the big drops of sweat ran from every pore of his face, like water down a pane of glass during a thunder shower. My lord, at length, coming to his assistance, the crest-fallen squire grasped and held him by the legs, imploring him to order the servants to shut the door of Hell, or the monster would certainly overtake and devour him in a few moments. Being assured that it was chained, and could not break loose, he consented to let the servants heave his battered bones from the ground, and reconduct him to his seat, which he had no sooner gained than he burst into a fit of d——g, swearing the parson was a cursed liar as he always thought him: for there was but one devil, and enough too, added he, for just as I reached the door, he rose in the form of a prodigious toad, as high as a steeple, for he stood on his hind legs, and carried a tremendous paunch before him, swollen with poison to the size of a hay stack."

I'll do for him and all the devils in hell, that I will, cried *Brag*, a roaring bully, with a mouth as wide as a cannon, and a tongue almost as loud, who, because one of his ancestors as was reported, had been the greatest warrior of his age, fancied himself one too; and lest the vulgar whose eyes are seldom very discerning, should take him for a coward, he always wore a scarlet coat, cocked hat, and rusty sword, undeniable signs of courage; *signs* indeed! though no more the reality than the sign of St. George and the dragon is the real knight and individual dragon themselves.

That I will, repeated *Brag*, with a frown; at the same time, with all his might, attempting to draw his sword from its scabbard, to which it was so firmly attached, having snugly slept in its embraces for half a century at least, that finding it was utterly impossible to disengage it, he grasped it, sheathed as it was, and brandishing it, to the no small terror of all present, with stately tread, he stalked towards the stair, marshalling all his heroism, and intrepidity in his countenance, which, to give the devil his due, was truly brazen; but unluckily, leaving his tender heart unguarded, it began to bounce about in his bosom, like a wild cat confined in an iron cage, and to his great chagrin he felt, nay even heard it beat quicker and shorter every step he took towards the fatal door; but the very moment our unfortunate hero beheld that most monstrous of monsters, self, confessed in all his terrors before his face, it made such a sudden revolution in his entrails, that every rose in the house was almost instantly made as sensible as himself of his shameful disgrace. The servants in waiting immediately hastened to his assistance, and found the champion in a situation that diverted their sight as much as it offended another sense. His eyes, which seemed bursting from his head, were fixed on his own frightful phiz reflected on the glass, his mouth wide open, and his tongue darted out like a serpent's sting, his left hand clinched on his breast, and in his right he held the sword and scabbard, raised far above his head, in a most formidable manner, and his legs striding most dreadfully indeed. In this posture, he stood like a statue, petrified with fear, and it was not without the greatest difficulty the servants could prevail on him to gather as much courage as to face about and come down stairs to his companions, whose laughter

on the occasion, was only equalled by their fear.

Next rose a ghastly chymist, six feet and an half high, who measured from his head to the wrist-band of his breeches, one foot eleven inches (the reader may guess the length of his shanks,) he, not at all daunted by the ill success of his brethren, bravely resolved to face it himself.—With two strides he reached the foot of the staircase, with two more he was at the top; but being in much greater haste to return, some authors confidently assert that he took but one stride back, whilst others confidently maintain that he made two, one down stairs and the other to his chair, where, as soon as he seated himself, he deposited upon oath, that he had seen satan himself, either into the shape of a maypole split three-fourths of the way upwards, to make a pair of legs, or else an immense pair of tongs, but which he could not possibly determine, as he had made the best of his way back again as soon as the devil appeared.

Next rose a mathematician, formed according to the strictest rules, not of natural but geometrical proportion. His head was a globe, his nose bore some resemblance of a quadrant; his chin and mouth formed a triangle, his body an oblong square, and his legs two cylinders. He measuring his pace, with the nicest exactness, contrived to advance a foot every step, by which means he reached the summit of the stair-case in something less than half an hour; where, instead of being terrified, as the rest had been before him, he stood half an hour more, calculating the dimensions of the grotesque figure before him; which having done, he very gravely began to descend, and after an absence of more than an hour, at length reached his chair, where after communicating his profound observations, he concluded by observing, that though it was the best proportioned body he ever saw, yet it was at the same time a most awkward and unnatural figure.

It would be tedious to mention all the observations and contradictory reports of those that went to see the monster, but all agreed that they had never conceived, nor could have believed that such a monster existed on *terra firma*. A lean, half-starved son of Apollo, swore it was a *Famine*, which God Almighty had sent to punish the impiety of our sinful age, where a depraved state for roast beef and plumb-pudding had set every body's stomach against Epic, and even *Laric* poetry; but an eminent critic that instant coming down stairs, according to custom, fell upon the poor poet, and contradicting every word he said, proved to demonstration that the monster above was the *Plague*! An old griping miser, whose *wealth* was only a solitary *million*, but whose *poverty* was deplorable, and like his desires, without bounds, with a countenance the most terrified and terrifying imaginable, whilst his few silver hairs stood erect with fear, and his eyes rushing from their deep caves in the centre of his head, glared like two comets, swore that it was some infernal dutch *miser*, who had come to rob and oppress the poor, to ravish the half-chewed morsel from the orphan's mouth; nay, by G—d, said he, to rip up the bellies for what they had already swallowed, and with these words he ran home to secure his own mite.

An Honest Hibernian who had been dipt in the Shannon, and who had been long settled in the village, and who would not yield the palm of ignorance to the worst of them, came headlong down stairs, out of breath; Arrah! my honies, said he with an arch leer, ye're all a par-

cel of lying, cursing, swearing rascals, for by my shoul, this here devil is no more a devil than the devil himself is: Arrah, what think ye, I've been hunting him about the room this hour or more, and when I ran to him he ran to me,—a brazen fac'd rogue: and then stood staring, and grinning, and making faces at me, with all his eyes, mouths, and faces in his head; and being an honest man, I blushed, and, behold, he blushed too. Arrah, my jewel, I said, says I, this wont do; you must come along with me; then by St. Patrick, I caught him a score of times, and would have brought him down strairs but the thief would not let me, and so I e'en was forced to come without him.

I have hitherto forbore to mention the opinion of any of the ladies present, all of whom in their turn, went to see the monster; and shall now only relate two.—A youthful antiquated lady, painted like a sign post, with an immense hooped petticoat, and a head-dress full as large, so that, when she stood, her appearance very much resembled that of an hour-glass; after having taking only a momentary view, declared, that if it was not the very devil, it must be something else. She had scarcely pronounced the words, when a blooming girl of fifteen, who had been chosen purposely to hear her opinion, came down stairs, and related, with the most charming innocence, how she had seen and kissed a smiling angel; for though she had asked it a hundred questions, it only answered by looks and smiles. So perfectly lovely is natural beauty, and so imperfect the art of portrait, alias, face-painting.

Now, when every individual had seen this monstrous *Proteus*, who appeared in a different shape to every spectator, they were most unaccountably puzzled, and at the same time almost terrified to distraction; however, after a long and sharp debate, what were the safest methods to be taken in so critical a situation, it was at length agreed, *namine contradicente*, that they should go in a body, armed with what first came to hand, and fall upon, and at once rid the world of so horrible a monster. It was in vain that my lord remonstrated, he saw and repented his folly too late; and not daring to oppose so furious a multitude, he quietly suffered them to arm themselves with the various implements of cookery, contained in the magazines of his kitchen and scullery. Being at length completely armed with pokers, tongs, spits, tridents, shovels, &c. &c. our heroes moved in phalanx towards the scene of action; but when they had nearly arrived at the top of the stairs, a question started which had almost overthrown them without striking a blow. The question was, Who should first enter the chamber? At length the above mentioned Irishman, with a huge warming-pan in his right-hand, a kettle in his left-hand boldly pushed forward, and pushing open the door, instantly rushed at his figure, which presented itself before him as entered, and with both his weapons discharging a double blow, a dreadful crash followed, and an immense square mirror fell into ten thousand shivers at the feet of the conqueror, who ringing his pan & kettle together in token of victory, swore he had killed the monster as dead as any man alive. At the word *dead*, the whole company, who till now stood trembling on the staircase, rushed into the room. In a moment the whole mystery was unravelled; each by seeing his companion in the mirror, at once plainly receiving that Self was the only monster, con-

founded they stood at some distance from the conqueror,— whilst he happening to turn round saw his figure again on the other side of the room, Help, help, cried Paddy, he's come to life again; what the plague does the monster mean? I've killed you once and a'nt you content? Howsomever I'll kill you once more, and if you are determined to live when you are dead, like a good Christian, you may with all my heart, mind it's not my fault, by my shoul is'nt it: but hark ye, don't let me see you here again; Egad, if I catch you alive or dead, I'll tar and feather you. Then again heaving both his hand-crow weapons, the most dreadful consequences followed, and the whole company fell upon the mirrors with one accord, in a few minutes laid them all in universal ruin, and in ten thousand fragments on the floor; where they would probably have stamped them to dust, had not a sudden thought, like an electric shock, struck all present, each of whom immediately gathered as many of the broken pieces as he could conveniently carry, and ran home with them.

And now reader, what could this mean? Mark the wickedness, the treachery, the depravity of the human heart. These mirrors, perhaps you will say, were carried about by the owners to remind them of their own deformity. No such thing; but merely to expose both friends and foes, by holding the mirror before their faces on every occasion, and where or whenever they meet them; and History says, that since the introduction of looking-glasses in this unhappy village, every individual was perfectly acquainted with all the faults of all the rest of the inhabitants, but utterly ignorant of his own; for like criminals before the judge, each was so ashamed of his own blasphemy against himself on this occasion, that no one afterwards durst presume to look himself in the face.

NEWARK, NOVEMBER 10.

A curious improvement in the art of gun making has lately been brought to perfection in London. It consists in the barrel's being bored out of solid pieces of steel, instead of being forged hollow from the iron, in the old way. These barrels, in addition to their never bursting, carry closer and sharper, in a great proportion, than the common ones.

—THE MORALIST—

If you would act your part with dignity in the world, and not weakly sink under its misfortunes, accustom yourself to look forward to its changes, and seriously consider the mixed condition of human life. Early learn to forego your own inclinations, when duty requires it; and to preserve them at all times under the perfect controul of reason. Often enter into the house of mourning, and there meditate on the dark scenes of human nature. Visit the receptacles of poverty and want—attend the couches of disease and pain—listen to the sighs of the friendless and wretched—look on the melancholy trophies of death—let the cries of mourners who lament the loss of all that was dear to them on earth, touch your sympathy—reflect on the tears that are shed in secret, and on the thousand nameless griefs that wring the hearts of the unhappy. By scenes like these chasten yourselves, and, by becoming familiar with affliction, pre-

pare your minds with fortitude to meet those changes which may be reserved for you in the course of divine providence. SMITH.

—APHORISMS OF MAN—BY LAVATER.

There is no instance of a miser becoming prodigal without losing his intellect; but there are thousands of prodigals becoming misers; if therefore, you turn, be profuse, nothing is so much to be avoided as avarice: and, if you be a miser get a physician who can cure an irremediable disorder.

A woman whose ruling passion is not vanity, is superior to any man of equal faculties.

The creditor who humanely spares an ungrateful debtor has few steps to make towards the circle of saints.

A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents, not jealous, an accomplished woman that scorns to shine—are four wonders just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.



—OBITUARY—

Died—In this Town, the 3d inst. in the 16th year of her age, Miss SALLY TENBROOK, daughter of Mr. Jasper Ten Brook.

This young lady had just finished her education. Her disposition was amiable and her manners soft and engaging. But a short time ago, health bloomed on her cheek, and she promised to be a comfort to her parents, and to do honor to her sex: But how uncertain is life? How soon was this beautiful flower cut down by the scythe of death! How severe the stroke to a Father and Mother of affection? She however, died in peace! She sweetly slept in Jesus! They therefore, enjoy the consoling reflection, that she is in the enjoyment of heavenly felicity. Youthful reader! Be thou "also ready," for thy last great change!

The funeral of Miss Ten Brook, was attended by a large concourse of people. Six young Ladies, dressed in white, supported the Pall. A practical and consolatory address was delivered, on this occasion, by the Rev. Dr. Ogden, which was succeeded by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Macwhorter.

*Ah! SALLY's grave! and art thou gone fair maid?
Has Death thy body too in ashes laid?
Thy face, ah! how disfigur'd, once so fair!
Where now are all thy charms; thy beauties where?
Where the carnation that adorn'd thy cheek?
And where the lily? Oh! lov'd SALLY speak!
Mould'ring to dust! shut from the smiling day!
And only covered with a little clay!
Nor shrinks with terror now the lovely form,
From the cold beatings of the rudest storm!
Here lies her clay! but, lo! her spirit flies
To be an angel far above the skies!
Unpitying DEATH! could not a MOTHER save
Her darling daughter from the noisome grave?
Could not ELIZA's tears to thee find way?
Could not her plaints prolong her SALLY's stay?
Ah! no! DEATH bath no wish, nor pow'r to feel?
His heart is adamant and his breast is steel!*

On Saturday evening last, in this town, Mr. JOSEPH HEDDEN, in the 96th year of his age. This venerable citizen has from his youth sustained the character of an honest and upright man, and was much lamented by those who were acquainted with him. He had 13 children, 176 grand children, 106 great grand children, and 3 g. g. grand children.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

OF PLEASING.

CONGREVE TO TEMPLE.

'TIS strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass

That no one man is pleas'd with what he has—
So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are in their persons and their parts content—
Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he is or can.
Hence homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops effect the nicest mien;
Coward's extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
The intrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
Whispering his nothing round to all his friends;
Dull rogues effect the politicians part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art;
Who nothing has to loose, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man, perverse, against plain nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.

Nature to each allots a proper sphere,
But that forsaken, we like comets err.
Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock were broke,

And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most effect in general how to please.
Of this effection vanity is the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course—
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh;
The glass remov'd would each himself survey,
And, in just scales, his strength and weakness weigh,

Pursue the path for which he was design'd
And to his proper force adapt his mind.
Scarcely one but to some merit might pretend—
Perhaps might please—at least would not offend.

All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
Affect not any thing in natures spight.
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find—
For what? for ill resembling human kind.
"None are for being what they are in fault,
"But for not being what they would be thought."

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS

ON RETIREMENT IN WINTER,

*Are so very delicate and simple, that we doubt not,
that they will be read with pleasure.*

HOWL on ye winds that rudely hurl
The storm about my cot,
I'll closer press my lovely girl,
And bless my happy lot.

Though you unroof our little shed,
I'll fold her from your rage,
Whilst Love, the guardian of our bed,
Shall all your force assuage.

I'll tell her fiercer storms shall rend
The proud ambitious great,
Whose lofty heads must learn to bend
Amidst the pomp of state.

We'll envy not the rich my girl,
The proud, the great, the gay;
But learn to live, and love as well,
Nay, better far than they.

Richer than theirs our hearts shall be,
And purer far our bliss;
Then let the great ones envy me,
When those sweet lips I kiss.

Though mutual toil must spread our board,
Content and peace shall bless it,
And if such joy no rank afford,
Why let the lordling guess it.

TO A CANDLE.

THOU watchful Taper! by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night:
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain!
To whom alone I venture to complain,
O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own—
Like thine my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,
At once are signs of life and symptoms of decay.

And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night presume to shine,
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire,
So mine with conscious shame and equal awe
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw—
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

*The following is said, in a late English paper, to
be the African song, sung on the arrival of
Mr. PARKE, from his travels in the interior of
Africa.*

AIR.

THE wind of the desert was high,
The rains made the rivers to flow,
The thunder was heard from the sky,
And the wild beasts were roaring below.

CHORUS,

The white man came over the sea,
Stood aghast at the terrible sound;
Then laid his limbs under a tree,
And rested his head on the ground.

AIR.

Despairing he wept and he sigh'd,
As we found him all weak and forlorn;
* No mother his milk to provide,
No wife to make bread of his corn!

CHORUS.

Then let us in pity unite,
To soften his woes if we can;
—What tho' he be ugly and white,
My comrad, he still is a man.

* This is a curious allusion to the state of man-
ners in savage life, in which the women preform
all the domestic duties. It is almost literal
from PARKE's report of the song actually sung.

SEASONABLE ADVISE.

WHEN Summer darts his fervid ray,
For Autumn's milder beams we pray;
When Autumn's chilling damps prevail,
We sicken in each feverish gale;
And, oft by cruel agues tost,
We wish for Winter's bracing frost:
But Winter soon disgusting grows;
His slippery ice, his dazzling snows,
And piercing cold, new troubles bring,
And then we sigh for genial Spring:
But even Spring not long can please;
With heat we glow, with cold we freeze;
And, whilst all nature blooms around,
Man only is unhappy found.
Mortal! weak complaints refrain:
And know thy life is doom'd to pain,
With patience bear the ills of nature,
Nor, by repining, make them greater.

TRUE BEUTY.

By Dr. Fordyce.

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze
Disputes the palm with beauty's queen;
Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
Devoid of virtue if she's seen.
But the soft tear in pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;
But the sweet blush of modesty
More bounteous than the ruby seems.

EPIGRAMS

BY THE LATE REV. MR. BISHOP.

Mutatio mutandia.

"PERHAPS," said a doctor, one day to his friend,

"You remember a tale which you made me attend:

That tale, Sir, which more than you think has cost:

It detain'd me so long, that a patient was lost.
"Alas!" quoth the friend, "I'm quite sorry for that,

That your patient should suffer for my idling chat."

"Should suffer"—the Doctor replied with a sigh,

"No!—he was the savor!—the sufferer was I:
Nature popp'd in between, while I slacken'd my speed;

And the man was got well before I could feed."

ANOTHER.

IN China, when a husband's praise
The beauties of a wife displays,
Among her charms, he never fails,
To rank her growing length of nails.
"Twould give our married men some fear,
Had beauty such a standard here!
For sure (I speak it with concern)
Things MIGHT, SOMETIMES, take such a turn,
That as a lady's talons grew,
Her passion might get stronger too!
Tongues without nails (excuse me if I'm wrong)
Are always long enough—if not too long.

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